and may well be associated with it. Like that in which Brooke lived, it is already falling into decay. In itself, also, it has no beauty. But from the door, from the back verandah upon which he must often have sat in the evening, there is a lovely view. A small precipitous valley runs down here to the sea with a trickle of white water falling in it through the frame of palms. It is just such a place as he would have loved.

A man who knew him well says that " his wit, his chivalry, his unconventionality, his active and impetuous mind stamped everything that he did or said with a strong individuality." Of Brooke, too, that might have been written. This same Rugby friend of Calderon gives us a little picture which is worth quoting, as it seems to me. " I think of him, for instance, on the Broads, rising in the grey of dawn to work at some obscure Slavonic dialect; or at Broadstairs tossing off one-act

plays of a lightness and audacity that left me
gasping; or seated at the piano with a particular
air of absorption that I know well but cannot de-
scribe ; or playing pot-cricket in his. crimson shirt
with an equal though different kind of absorption/[7]
Or again : " He belonged to the type of man to